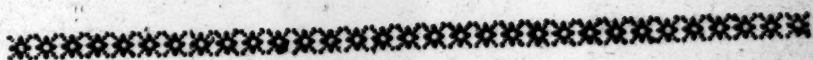
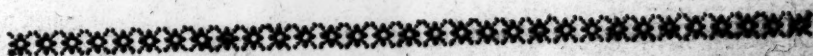


Madan 1760 : [22]



Garden Inscriptions.



I

By

G A R D E N
I N S C R I P T I O N S.

*Sub viridi Vatum pictos Hic Arbore Vultus,
Propter Aquam, pono, tardis ubi Flexibus errat
Rivulus.* Virg. Georg. L. 3. v. 14.

— — Hic precor integrâ
*Cum Mente, nè turpem Senectam,
Degere, nè Citharâ carentem.* Hor.

By WILLIAM THOMPSON, M.A.

Late FELLOW of QUEEN'S COLLEGE OXON.

O X F O R D,

Printed at the CLARENDON PRESS.

M.DCCLX.

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GARDEN

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GARDEN INSCRIPTIONS.

I. * In *Il Spenseroso*.

LO! Here the Place for *Contemplation* made,
 For *sacred Mus'ing* and for *solemn Song*!—
 —Hence, ye Profane! nor violate the Shade.
 —Come, *SPENSER's awful Genius*, come
 along,
 Mix with the Music of th' aerial Throng!
 Oh! breath a pensive Stillness thro' my Breast,
 While balmy breezes pant the Leaves among,
 And sweetly sooth my Passions into rest.
 Hint purest Thoughts, in purest Colours drest,
 Ev'n such as Angels prompt, in golden Dreams
 To holy *Hermit*, high in raptures blest,
 His Bosom burning with celestial Beams.
 Ne less the Raptures of my *Summer Day*,
 If *SPENSER* deign with me to 'moralize
 the Lay.

* The two first Inscriptions are in the Measure of
Spenser's Sonnets. To close the Sonnet with an *Alex-*
andrine is not indeed so common, but he has done it
 twice in his *Amoretti*, and oftner in his presentation
 Sonnets at the End of his *Faerie Queene*.

* Alluding to his *Faerie Queene*.

II. In the same.

A T large beneath this floating Foliage laid
Of circling Green, the crystal run-
ning by,

(How soft the Murmur, and how cool the
Shade!)

While gentle-whisp'ring Winds their breath
apply

To 'swage the Fever of the sultry Sky;

Smit with the sweet ^a *Sicilian's* simple strain

I try the rural reed, but fondly try

To match his past'ral Airs, and happy Vein:

Next I assay the Quill of ^b *Mantua's Swain*

Of ^c bolder Note, and of more ^d courtly
Grace:

Ah, foolish Emulation!—They disdain

My awkward Skill, and push me from the
Place.

Yet boast not, Thou of Greece, nor Thou of
Rome,

My sweeter ^e *Colin Clout* outpipes you Both at
Home.

^a *Theocritus.*
namus.

^b *Virgil.*

^c *Paullo majora ca-*

^d *Sylvæ sint consule dignæ. Virg. Ecl. 4.*

^e See *Spenser's Shepherd's Calendar.*

* III. In *Shakeſpear's* Walk.

BY yon Hills, with ^a Morning ſpread,
 Lifting up the tufted Head,
 By thoſe golden Waves of Corn,
 Which the laughing Fields adorn,
 By the fragrant Breath of Flow'rs,
 Stealing from the Woodbin-Bow'rs,
 By this Thought-inſpiring Shade,
 By the Gleamings of the Glade,
 By the Babbling of the Brook,
 Winding ſlow in many a ^b Crook,

* In this Inſcription I followed the Meaſures of *Shakeſpear* in the Characters of his *Ariel* and *Proſpero* in the *Tempeſt*, of his Fairies in the *Merry Wives of Windſor* and *Midſummer Night's Dream*, and of his Witches in *Macbeth*. The Verſes are an exact and true Deſcription of *Shakeſpear's* Walk and Proſpect from the Bench.

^a *Joel* c. 2. v. 2. “As the Morning ſpread upon the Mountains:” The moſt poetical Expreſſion for the Morning I ever met with. *Shakeſpear* has ſomething like it:

Jocund Day

Stands Tiptoe on the miſty Mountain Tops.

And in another Place, which is exceeding beautiful,

Look where the Morn, in ruſſet Mantle clad,
 Walks o'er the Dews of yon high Eaſtern Hill.

^b “As crooked as *Weſton* Brook” is a common Proverb in the neighbouring Counties: The Motto from *Virgil*, more excellently and truly deſcribes it.

By

By the Rustling of the Trees,
 By the Humming of the Bees,
 By the Woodlark, by the Thrush,
 Wildly-warbling from the Bush,
 By the 'Fairy's shadowy Tread
 O'er the Cowslip's velvet Head,
 Father, Monarch of the Stage,
 Glory of *Eliza's* Age,
SHAKESPEAR! deign to lend thy Face,
 This romantick Nook to grace,
 Where untaught Nature sports alone,
 Since THOU and NATURE are but ONE.

'Mr. *Addison*, speaking of this Fairy Way of writing, as *Dryden* calls it, has this fine Remark on *Shakspear*: "There is something so wild and yet so solemn in the Speeches of his Ghosts, Witches and the like imaginary Persons, that we cannot forbear thinking them natural, tho' we have no Rule by which to judge of them, and must confess, if there are such Beings in the World, it looks highly probable they should talk and act as he has represented them."

Addison's Works, 4to Vol. 3. p. 513.

* IV. In *Milton's* Alcove.

HERE, mighty *MILTON*! in the blaze
of Noon,
Amid the broad Effulgence, Here I fix
Thy radiant Tabernacle. * Nought is dark
In **THEE**, Thou bright Companion of the
Sun!

Thus thy own * *Uriel* in its Center * stands
Illustrious, waving Glory round Him! **HE**
Fairest Archangel of all Spirits in Heav'n,
As, of the Sons of Men, the greatest **THOU**.

* *Milton* is placed in an Alcove full against the Sun,
all the Afternoon; to intimate that He ought to be
read only in the Morning, when the Soul is spark-
ling and unclouded, and the Head is bright and
clear.

* Alludes to "What in me is dark
Illumin."

B. i. v. 22.

* *Paradise Lost*. B. 3. v. 623.

"Saw within Ken a glorious Angel stand,
The same whom *John* saw also in the Sun."

Rev. ch. 19. v. 17. "And I saw an Angel stand-
ing in the Sun."

V. In

V. In the same.

HIC Media Te Luce loco mediisq; Diei
 Stas circumfusus Flammis: Tentoria figo
 Hæc radiata Tibi MILTON! quia nubila
 sacro
 Carmine nulla Tuo, Comes illustrissime Solis!
 Sic Medio stans Sole tuus nitet Uriel, aurum
 Diffunditq; Jubar, splendens, et lucida Tela.
 Celestes inter Cætus pulcherrimus ILLE,
 Mortales inter veluti TU maximus omnes.

* Radiatum insigne Diei. *Lucret.* I chose *radiata* rather than any other Epithet, because *Milton* Himself uses several old Words of *Chaucer* and *Spenfer*. Not but *radiata* is now in use, especially by Medallists, &c. thus *Corona radiata*, &c. See *Pascalius de Coronis*. Lib. 9. c. 13.

* Lucida Tela. Likewise from *Lucretius*.

Non radii Solis, neq; lucida Tela Diei. Lib. 1.

Upon which *Lambinus*: "Idem dicit, nam radii Solis Tela Diei sunt, utpote quibus tanquam Telis huc et illuc jactis ac diffusis totus Orbis Terrarum illustretur." *Lambinus* in *Lucret.* p. 23. Ed. *Benenati Lutet.* 1570. 4to.

Lucretius seems to be in love with the Expression (and indeed it is a very beautiful one) for He has the same Line in B. 2. And afterwards in B. 6. *Gifan* on this Passage says, "Certe radius Latine nihil est aliud quàm Hastile, seu Hasta et Telum sive ex Ferro sive ex alia Materia. *Gifan.* in *Lucret.* p. 416. Ed. *Plantin.* 8vo. 1566.

VI. In

VI. In the same. IIIV

ΕΝθαδε Φωτι μεσω, αιγλης περιχευμενε ρειθρω,
 Σοι, ΜΙΑΤΟΝ! σκηνην πηττω και Δωμα Φαινον,
 ΕΝ Σοι γαρ μηδεν σκοτῶ εστι, Συνεμπορε Φοιβη!
 Αγγελῶ ωσ Τριελ τιλβει πολυφεγγει κοσμω,
 ΕΝ κυκλω φλογερα παμφαινων Ηλιοιο.
 ΟΥΤῶ μεν καλυσῶ υπερτατα Δωματ' εχοντων,
 Ως λαμπεις * Μεροπων τε ΣΥ Ποιητων τε μεγαισος.

HIC Luce Media, splendoris circumdate fluento,
 Tibi, Milton, Tabernaculum figo et Domi-
 cilium lucidum,
 In Te enim nullæ tenebræ sunt, Comes Solis.
 Angelus sic Uriel coruscat multum reudenti
 ornatu,

In Circulo flammantis undecunque lucens Solis,
 Ille quidem pulcherrimus suprema domicilia ha-
 bentium;
 Sicut fulges Hominumq; (Vocem dividantium)
 Tu Poetarumq; maximus,

* Μεροπων is most properly applied to Milton of all Men living, as none ever equalled Him in the harmonious Divisions and musical Variety of His Numbers. Μερο- is derived from μερω divido and Vox.

VII. In * Golden Grove.

WHAT pleasing Form commands the
lifted Eye,

O say what * younger Brother of the Sky?
I know my TAYLOR's mild auspicious Grace,
And * more than Human Sweetness in his
Face.

The Light of Faith around his Eyeballs plays,
And Hope and Charity unite their Rays.

What † Canaan Honey trickles from His
Tongue,

And † Manna, sweeter than the Muses Song!
Or, copious, through His shining Pages roll'd,
The gushing Torrent of celestial † Gold!

* The Arbour is called *Golden Grove*, because Bp. Taylor wrote several of His most excellent and pious Works at *Golden Grove* in *Wales*, the Seat of His great Patron the Earl of *Carbery*. He has, on that Account, a Book of Devotions called *Golden Grove*.

† Bp. Taylor was so extremely handsome and beautiful in his Youth, that Archbp. Laud thought Him almost an Angel from Heaven when He first saw and heard him in the Pulpit. See Bp. *Rust's* Sermon preached at Bp. Taylor's Funeral.

‡ Bp. Taylor's excellent Treatises are highly valued for the Exactness of Wit, Profoundness of Judgment, Richness of Fancy, Copiousness of Invention and general Usefulness to all the Purposes of a Christian

tian

O (whether some refulgent Throne be Thine,
 Or with the white-rob'd Band of Saints you
 join,
 Or midst the Flames of hailing Seraphs glow)
 Still may Thy Works enrich our World be-
 low!
 Still may Thy glorious Works expanded lye,
 And teach us how to *live* and how to *dye*,
 Pour heavenly Day on each benighted Mind,
 And next **THE SACRED SCRIPTURES**
 bless Mankind.

tian. After the Restoration He was made Bishop of
 Down and Connor; where He further displayed His
 mighty Talents, and shewed with an unbounded
 Imagination, all the Eloquence of Orators, all the
 Flights of Poetry, together with all the Strictness
 and Regularity of the deepest Casuists."

Echard's History of England.

His Works are sometimes printed in four, some-
 times in six Volumes Folio, besides six or seven Vo-
 lumes of Devotions, &c. in Octavo and Duodecimo;

* VIII. At the End of the Canal in the
Middle of the Garden.

*SALVE, mi Hortule, gratiora Tempe,
O ridentis Ocelle læte Ruris,
Meæ Deliciæ, mei Recessus!
Hic gratas Charites agunt Choreas,
Dum tangunt Citharas novem Sorores;
Hic Pomona rubet, Lyæus uvis
Cingit Tempora Pampinoq; honesta,
Gaudens versicolore Flora Veste
Et Lusus varium trahit per Annum.
Vos mitis Zephyri leves susurri,
Et lenes strepitus loquacis undæ,
Vos suaves Avium Modi canentum,
Et Florum assyrii recentum Odores,*

* Several of the Garden Inscriptions amongst the
antient Romans were in this Kind of Verse, as ap-
pears from some of the Collections. As These little
Trifles may perhaps want some Apology, I cannot
do it so well as in the Words of an ingenious Author,
in a Letter to the *Spectator*, N°. 393.

“ I hope, when you reflect a little, you will not
think *Them* in the least unbecoming a Man of serious
Thought; since, the Love of Woods, of Fields and
Flowers, of Rivers and Fountains, seems to be a
Passion implanted in our Natures the most early of
any.” Let the rigid Scholar consult *Pliny*, L. 7.
Ep. 9.

Vobis

O vos * *purpurei mei Sodales*,
 O vos † *dulciloqui mei Sodales*,
Vobis perpetuam damus salutem!
Salve, mi Hortule, gratiora Tempe,
O ridentis Ocelle læte Ruris,
Mecæ deliciæ, mei Recessus!

* *Rosæ* are called *purpureæ*, *Violæ* the same, tho' of quite different Colours; nay *Ovid* calls *Snow* purple, *Pectora purpureâ Candidiora nive*. And *Virgil* has, *In Mare purpureum*, which is commonly styled azure or blue; so that *purpurei Sodales* means Flowers of all Sorts and Colours.

† *Dulciloqui* takes in both the *Zephyrs*, the *Stream*, and the *Birds*. *Dr. Hanns* has a Verse of the same Kind in one of His most elegant Odes:

— — — *Inter Undas*

Inter aves pariter sonoras.

Perhaps He had an Eye to *Horace* in the Structure of his Verse.

Amanæ

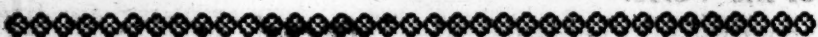
Quos & *Aquæ* subeunt & *Auræ*. L. 3. O. 4.

IX. In the same, a Translation of the former.

HAIL, happy Garden, happy Groves,
 Whom your happiest Master loves!
 Here the Graces weave the Ring,
 While the Muses touch the String,

There

There *Pomona* blushes, there
 Plump *Lyæus* braids his Hair,
 Braids with Tendrils of the Vine,
 "Dropping Odours, dropping Wine,"
 And gay *Flora* frolics, drest
 In her many-colour'd Vest
 O the waving of the Trees!
 And the fanning of the Breeze!
 O the prattling of the Rill,
 Still supply'd and prattling still!
 O the Zephyrs sweetly playing
 As when first they go a Maying!
 O the Birds, for ever singing,
 And the Flow'rs, for ever springing!
 Hail, happy Garden, happy Groves,
 Whom your happiest Master loves!



X. In the same.

FROM busy Scenes, with *Peace* alone re-
 tir'd,
 And the warm Ray of Gratitude inspir'd
 For Blessings past and Mercies yet to come,
 HERE let me bless my GOD, and for my
 Home!

With

With *Isaac*, in the Fields for *Grace* implore,
 With *Moses*, in each beamy Bush adore!
 His Providence for all my Wants provides,
 His Arm upholds me and His right Hand
 guides.

His Breezes fan me in the Noontide Hours,
 Where *Coolness* walks amid my Shades and
 Bow'rs:

His Bounty in the silver Current flows,
 Smiles in the Blossoms, in the Fruitage glows:
 Bright with *pomaceous* Stores, His Gift, be-
 hold

The *Espaliers* bend with vegetable Gold!
 His radiant Finger gilds the vernal Flow'rs,
 Fed with his Balm, and water'd with His
 Show'rs:

Gen. ch. 24. v. 63. And *Isaac* went out to me-
 ditate in the Field at the Eventide.

Vatablus says on the Place, "five meditaretur five
 oraret." And *Lyra*, solebant *Judei* circa Vesperam
 orare. *Pole* in his *Synopsis Criticorum* gives several
 Versions who use "*ad orandum*." So likewise *Ri-
 vetus* observes the same with *Vatablus* in his admir-
 able *Exercitationes* on *Genesis*. *Operum* Vol. 1. p. 483.
 And *Piscator* in his Translation has *ad orandum*. See
 Comment. in *Bibl.* Vol. 1. p. 87.

Whilst *English* Plains
 Blush with *pomaceous* Harvests.

Philips's Cyder, B. 2.

Pomum in *Latin* takes in all Kinds of Fruit in ge-
 neral: Hence *Pomona* was supposed to preside over
 Orchards.

He bids the Rose its crimson Folds unloose
 And blush, refulgent, in the purple Dews:
 The Lilly, ^d He arrays with spotless White,
 Rich in Its Mantle of inwoven Light;
 (Go, ^d *Solomon*, and cast thy Gems aside,
 Nor glory in thy Poverty of Pride!)
 The painted Tribes their sunny Robes display,
 And lend a lucid Softness to the Day.
 Grateful, each Flow'r to Heav'n its Incense pays,
 And breaths Its fragrant Soul away in Praise.
 Oh, Thither may They teach my Soul to soar,
 Confess *our Maker* and His Steps adore!
 Contented let me live, submissive dye,
 And ^e *hope a fairer Paradise on High!*

^d "Consider the Lillies of the Field, &c. *Mat.* ch. 6. v. 28. And v. 29. "And yet I say unto you, that even *Solomon* in all His Glory, was not arrayed like one of These." *St. Chrysostom* says, as He is quoted in *Cornelius A Lapide*, on this Passage, "Quantum distat a Veritate Mendacium, tantum inter illorum Amictus et horum Florum Discrimen interjacet." The learned and most laborious Commentator gives the Reason: "Quia illorum Pulchritudo, utpote naturalis & nativa, omnem Artis elegantiam, quasi adumbratam & Imitatione expressam superat." *Spenser* has this charming Line on the Lilly;

"The Lilly, Lady of the flow'ring Field."

Faerie Queene, B. 2. Canto 6. Stanza 16. v. 1.

^e Mr. *Pope's* Authority is sufficient for using *hope* in this Manner.

----- He hopes the scaly Breed.

Windsor Forest, v. 139.

* On *Laurel Hill*, at the End of the Garden.

O Skill'd Thy every Reader's Breast to warm,
To lull with Harmony, with Sense to
charm,

To call the glowing Soul into the Ear,
(And now we live and now we dye to hear,
Born on the Waves of Melody along
Exulting shout, and triumph in thy Song!)
O POPE! the sweetest of the tuneful Race,
This votive Tablet, grateful, *Here* I place;
Here where the Graces sport on *Laurel Hill*,
Fast by the Music of the murmuring Rill.
From *hence* the blueish *Barkshire* Hills survey,
Which oft have echoed to thy sylvan Lay;
When, young, in *Windsor's* blissful Fields you
stray'd,
Immortal by your deathless Labours made!
There the first Music trembled from thy Tongue,
And * *Binfield* Swains on ev'ry Accent hung:
The Larks the Sweetness of thy Notes confess,
And, dumb with Envy, sunk into their Nest;

* These Verses should have been placed after page
the 9th, but were sent too late to the Press.

* Mr. Pope lived at *Binfield* in *Windsor* Forest,
Barkshire, where He wrote the most poetical of all His
admirable Works.

While,

While, in soft Silence, ^b *Loddon* stole along,
 And list'ning, wonder'd at thy softer Song.
 Nor scorn the Prospects which *Oxonia* yields,
 Her Hills as verdant, and as fair Her Fields,
 As rich Her Vallies, and Her Streams as clear,
 And ^c *Phæbus* haunts, and — **THOU** hast
 charm'd Us ^d *Here*.

For other *Busts* a single *Wreath* I wove,
 But dedicate to *Thine* my ^e *Laurel Grove*.

^b The River *Loddon*, celebrated in Mr. *Pope's*
Windsor Forest.

^c The University of *Oxford*.

^d Mr. *Pope* used frequently to visit *Oxford*: He
 likewise translated Part of *Homer* at *Stanton Harcourt*
 in this County, as appears from an Inscription in
 one of the Windows There.

^e On Account of the Situation, which has a distant
 View into *Barkshire*. I would not have it imagined
 by these Lines that I equalled *Pope* to the great Tri-
 umvirate, *Spenser*, *Shakespeare*, and *Milton*, who will
 reign a Triumvirate for ever: It is Honour enough
 to the greatest Wits, even to Mr. *Pope*, to be placed
 next to Them.

THE END.

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